

# Mantra

## Earl Sweatshirt

Get your lady  
Cop, piff, inhale & cough  
Rip the label off this  
Picked the road that got twists  
I'm holding my dick & playing cautious  
Imma show you how it's done right nigga  
Drop this when the sunlight gone  
Better run right home when the sky turn black  
Screaming "fuck five-0" til my line go flat  
In that ash-gray beamer we'll be callin that the pigeon coupe  
Jack knife bitches to the couches in they living rooms  
Ask who the best and I doubt that they picking you  
Back like how I need to style, I invented you  
Act like you don't know the name  
Only time I ain't eating when the cho-cha stanky  
Listening to Pre, getting dome while I lane switch  
Bitches by the three licking coke off the pinky of a  
Poster child, you're supposed to hate me  
Bold & wild, you broke and angry, my nigga  
Name getting bigger than the difference between us  
Niggas is fake, I limit the features I give 'em  
Sweat (sweat) shirt (shirt)  
You know you famous when the niggas that surround you switch  
And if they hating in a passive tense, now they hounding dick  
And you ain't ask for this  
Now you surrounded with a gaggle of 100 fucking thousand kids  
Who you can't get mad at, when they want a pound & a pic  
Cause they the reason that the traffic on the browser quick  
And they the reason that the paper in your trousers thick  
I said sweat (sweat), shirt (shirt)  
You can tell the Reaper Imma meet em when he send for me  
With a cleaver, & a .30, and some twisted weed  
I pick one, and let the crimson leak, nigga  
Get your lady  
Cop, piff, inhale & cough  
Rip the label off this  
Picked the road that got twists  
I'm holding my dick & playing cautious  
You used to say you like violins  
And your lifestyle depend on me  
And I know it's night time when you get lonely  
And tell all your little friends how that bitch stole me  
And despite all the facts that you got phony  
You gonna tell them bout the night that you exposed me

For the bastard I was  
And how I probably smashed every bitch that I passed in the club  
And the last couple months was the worst  
Cause I smashed all the trust  
That I earned in the past couple months  
That we had as a couple  
My absence, a fuss  
Was a problem that we ain't ever really get to solve  
We just smashed & we scuffled  
Tryna keep it calm but I snap at you  
Now you're taking all your property back & it's obvious that  
That apart from the fact that we fuck & it's bomb  
And I hate when you home  
And when I'm gone I don't call cause you nag  
Man I brought you some shit  
And I bought you some shit  
What you offering here?  
What the fuck you offering here?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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